Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath seaz'd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

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